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swiftness over the mossy tombs, with bare legs, preternatural demeanour, dishevelled hair, bearing in his hands, and tossing high in air, a feathery like substance, whom Shemus, of course, set down as an inmate of the grave, loosed from his clay prison, and who was scattering to the winds his shroud. It was a curious coincidence; and all concurring—the trumpet, the spectre—he gave himself up for lost, and had nearly fallen senseless on the ground. Recovering, he fled with precipitation, still of opinion that the final demolition of all creation was about to be completed; and the vengeance of heaven coming in the form of “raining fire,” confirmed him still more in that belief. But now his only, his last chance of safety rested in the little spark of fire which had fallen from his hand on the grass, and which the breeze of the hill had fanned into a flame. He eagerly snatched it up, and running with speed, deposited a portion of it in his own house “for look,” and then, with the blessing of his old mother, given in the shape of an old shoe cast after him, he proceeded in search of the other three houses, and he had travelled six or seven miles before he could find the necessary number unsupplied. As he returned, he met an old man struggling on with the “blessed turf,” and asked him if he had been successful.

“Oh, yeah aroune!” said the old man, “the life will start out of me afore I do that, I’m thinkin’. Did yerself?”

“An’ shure enough, avourneen, it’s myself that did? When was I lame or lazy when I should be on my limbs? But what do you think—is the ind of the world comin’?”

“Avick machree, I dunna.”

“Faix, an’ I’m not so. I know right well it is, for I saw a man risin’ from the grave, an’ I thought I hard the last trumpet.”

“Tut, you omedhawn, it was the crackt man in the grave you saw, an’ sorra one else.”

This was the fact; and Shemus had heard the bugle blast, which so often resounded at night through the country, raised by the followers of Captain Rock from their telegraphs, as they sounded their gathering note, or tocsin of alarm. And it was a maniac who took up his abode among the tombs of the dead, that personified the spirit to Shemus’s terrified eye. It was his ghost-like figure he had seen amid the ruins; and the badge he bore was a garland plucked from a recent grave, which was decked with wreathes of flowers, where a youth or maiden had been lately laid.

Molly set sail up the mountain, spreading her canvass to the breeze, and an ample resistance she offered to its wild career; for so swaddled was she in the complicated folds and twistings of flannels, bands, and stockings, that scarce a trace of the human face divine could be recognized. The only adventure Molly met with was one; but it was of a decided character. As she trudged along the ridge of the hill, her hands and arms muffled in her capacious cloak, she was tripped up by some briars, and sent reeling to the bottom, where her own house stopped her further progress. So her good genius thus saved her neck from being broken over some precipitous declivity, or being hurled headlong into some yawning river. When she re-assumed her upright position, the first thing she did was to ascertain whether her pipe had been broken, but, fortunately, it had not.

The poor old man did not succeed so well, for the anxiety he had for his soul’s welfare prompted him to use every exertion to perform the stipulated requisites. After running a mile he came to a house, and knocking furiously at the door, demanded instant admittance. This was refused him. He then roared out from without—

“Have yees the blessed turf?”

“Yes, thank God, I am after gettin’ it, and have served three houses.”

“Murdher, an’ thundher-an’-turf, what’ll become of me? Do you know any one didn’t get it?—the spark is jist out.”

“Not one, avourneen—God help you!”

“What’ll I do! What’ll become of me! I’m done for ever if the sod goes out—not a mother’s soul to help or assist me!” and tearing his hair in an agony of grief and despair, he skelped away again for another half

mile, and espied a cabin by the light peering through a chink in the wall. Out of breath, and gasping, he greeted them with, “God save all here.”

“And you, too—what’s amiss with you.”

“Oh, enough, arone!—did you hear of the fire raining down from heaven?”

This produced a general panic and consternation.

“No, acushla! What fire?”

“Nor the blessed turf?”

“Not a taste of me.”

“Well, praises be to heaven for that same, I have one house any way! Take that spark, and kindle a sod of turf wid it, and lave it in the grate, an’ thin go an’ do the same in three houses.”

“What’ll I do if it goes out?”

“You’ll be ruined. I’ll be off to two houses more—is there e’er a one near me.”

“There is; but as I’m an ould man, lave that to me.”

“Faix, I’ll do no such thing, for I’m another.”

He bolted again. The man inside came out, tied his garter round his horse’s head, and set out in pursuit of Rory, in order to be at the house before him. He soon gained on the weary old man, and passed him; but Rory seized the horse’s long flying tail, and kept up to him. The other did his best to shake him off in vain.

“For the tendher mercy of heaven let my ould beast go.”

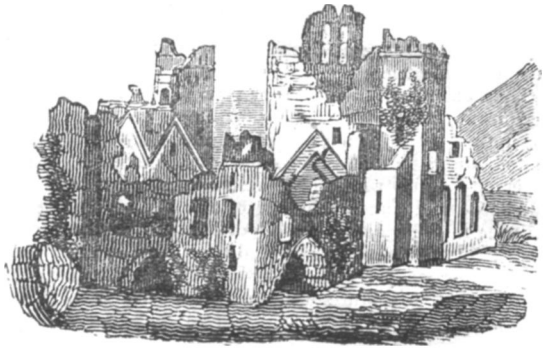
“Never till I die,” responded Rory courageously.

However, he trembled, and let slip his hold. The man left him sprawling on the road, served the three houses, and was on his return, when he met Rory.

“Well now,” said the latter, “as I was the manes of savin’ you an’ yours, will you lend me the loan of that baste to go to the next town, as I know there is little use to look for any houses nearer.”

The man consented. Rory mounted, and flew away to Carlow. As he entered the town he shouted out—“The blessed turf—the blessed turf!” All was uproar in a few minutes—it spread through the town like wild fire. He served three houses, and then saw their owners depart to do the same, like incarcerated fiends let loose. Crowds soon filled the streets, running with a *scrumshin* of an ignited sod in the bottom of a saucepan or galion, to save their houses from the desolating vengeance of enraged heaven.

H. K.



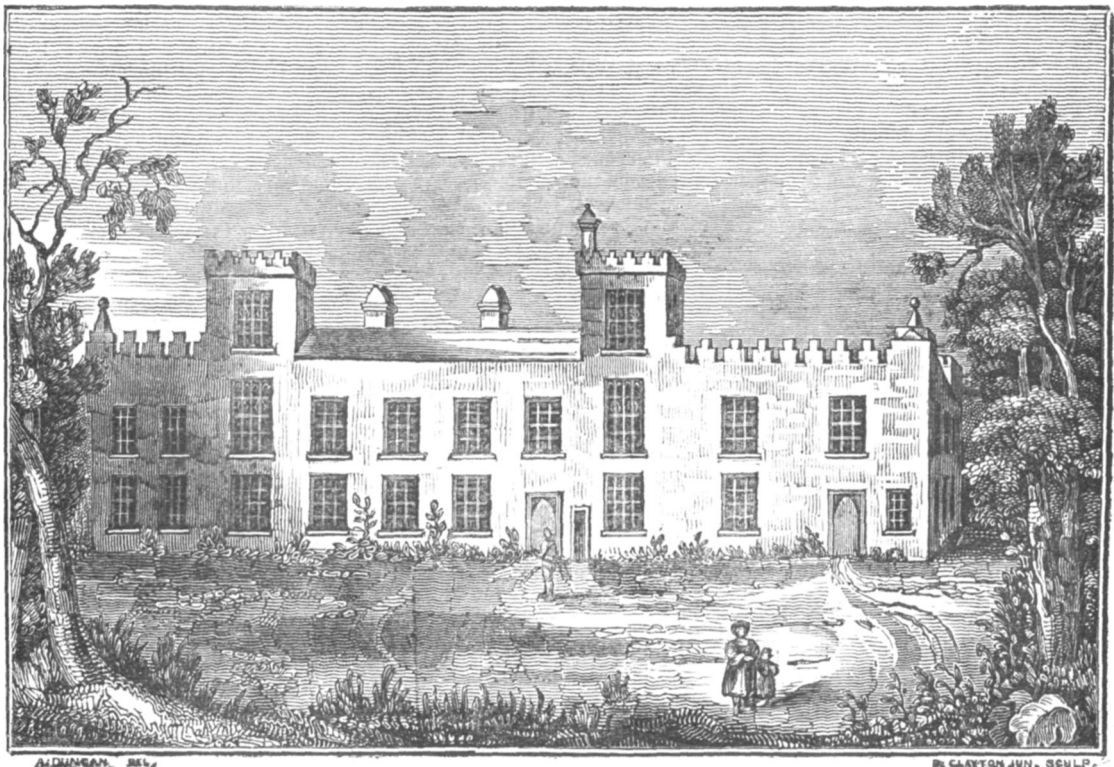
FORE ABBEY, COUNTY WESTMEATH.

The ruins of Fore Abbey (of which the above is a correct representation as they now appear) are situated in the parish and half barony of the same name, which before the Union returned two members to parliament. Fore was in the olden time a famous seat of monastic learning, called by the natives “Ballylichen”—i. e. “The Town of Books.” It was a priory of canons regular, founded by St. Fechin, in A. D. 630, who died there of the plague in 665. His chapel is also here, remarkable for the ponderous masonry of its portal and window mullions; there is also a well, springing from a rock, and turning “the busy mill” of the village. Fore was at seven different periods destroyed by fire. But it is likely it did not assume the permanent character of an entire stone building until the time of its refoundation in 1218 by Walter de Lacy. Archdall, in his *Monasticon Hibernicus*, gives a list of the dif-

ferent abbots and their revenues up to 1505, when one William Nugent was the last prior. It contained at one time three thousand monks, who flocked from all nations to this retreat of learning. At the dissolution of the monasteries in the reign of Henry VIII. the Abbey of Fore, with its lands and appurtenances, was granted, on Sept. 30th, 1588, to Christopher Baron Delvin, traditionally named, "The Black Baron," at whose hands probably it met its fate. Fore is now a place scarcely deserving the title of village. Besides the ruins of the abbey itself, we find those of the walls and gates of the ancient town, which was probably chiefly constructed of oak-wood—these being built in Edward III.'s time, to protect the town from predatory incursions; and for defraying the expense of such walling, a tax was laid on all sorts of merchandize, coming for sale to the town, or going out of it. There is another well, near which grows an enormous ash-tree, apparently a sucker from a parent stem in the last stage of decay, and which was possibly cotemporary with the old abbey in all its glory. The ruins of some minor chapels are in and near the town, built for some orders of friars who were educating here. A stone cross, much broken and defaced, stands in the centre of the village. A square

tower, built for defence in the time of Edward III. is used to this day as a burial vault by the Delvin family. There is a curious rath or dun about two hundred yards to the east of the monastery, from whence the natives affirm the "Black Baron" destroyed the abbey with his cannon. I believe artillery might have been used for its overthrow. There are some appearances about the walls to warrant the conjecture; but the potent element, fire, has evidently, by the fissures in various parts, done its share of the work of destruction. What fire and sword, however, spared, the pilfering hands of the building gentry of the neighbourhood completely removed. Not a door-frame, quoin, squared or ornamental stone, or window mullion or tracing, remains, except part of the eastern window of the chancel. The famous abbey is now, paradoxically speaking, a ruin of a ruin. The owner of the soil has lately taken steps to prevent the removal of any part of the building—but too late, like many plans which the head of an Irishman only could conceive. The ruin stands on a rock in the centre of a morass. The appearance of a double wall and fosse encircling it are visible, which could, as a mode of defence, at any moment be filled with water.

G. B.



RESIDENCE OF THE LATE LUNDY FOOT, ESQ.

Who was inhumanly murdered a short time since, in the open day, by one of his own tenantry.

The view is taken from that side of Mr. Foot's house which stands opposite the river at Rosbercon, near Ross. There is a melancholy interest attached to the place, from the circumstances connected with the death of its late owner. He was in excellent health and spirits on the morning of the day in which he met his death, walking as usual through his grounds. He was met in a retired situation by the assassin who perpetrated the deed, and shot dead upon the spot. The murderer had long entertained a deep rooted animosity against Mr. Foot, on account of his having had him ejected from a farm for non-payment of rent. He had sworn to be revenged. Although fondly thinking that no eye had witnessed the deed of blood, he was traced through various circumstances, tried, and condemned to die—a little girl being the principal evidence against him.

In the following narrative, which we are assured is true in every point, will be found an ample verification of the

truth, that sooner or later the almighty vengeance will fall on the murderer, be he rich, or be he poor; and that however he may endeavour to conceal his crime, it will at length "find him out."

THE LAST OF THE M——ES OF C——Y.

A short time since, on a lovely morning in the pleasant month of June, I joined a friend on an excursion into one of the southern counties of England—a county beautifully diversified with hills and fertile valleys. At the time we started the sun had scarcely tinged the horizon with its faintest beams; yet we had not proceeded far till we met the cheerful haymakers, with their baskets suspended from their prongs, which they carried over their shoulders. It was one of those lovely mornings, when every thing tends to enliven the surrounding scene. As the morning advanced we proceeded. In some places the grass was just cut, and women and children were busily employed in